



"I never heard the word morale until I came back to this country. But now I understand that yours is bad. I do wish you'd hurry up and get it fixed. Because, then I wouldn't have to go around making speeches. If I had any free time from flying, I would much rather go fishing." — Lieut. BILL

BOWER, hero of World War II, addressing a group of factory workers at Akron, Ohio.



For those who will not be *Mentally Marooned*

WORLD WEEK

We come now to a phase of the War program that will be difficult for laymen to understand. WPB refers to it as "balancing" production. It involves radical changes in procedure, and in philosophy. There will be curtailment in some fields, speeding up in others.

As a broad generalization it can be said that emphasis will be on production of materiel, rather than increased plant capacity. Six months ago, accent was on expansion. Now, there's realization that we face raw material limits (largely because of labor and transportation shortages), and should use these basic materials to fashion weapons, rather than build plants to stand idle. To borrow homely simile from the farmer: We have more hay down now than we can get in before it rains.

In some cases, raw material shortage is reality; again, it is convenient alibi. Blunt truth is that production, in many cases, far exceeds transport capacity. And situation is not improving. Year and a half ago—ten months before America entered the war—QUOTE forecast huge stores piling up at ports of embarkation. We have said many times since that great air freighters offer only practicable solution. Now, this week, two shipbuilders with revolutionary ideas—Higgins, of New Orleans; Kaiser, of Portland, Ore., urge mass production of giant flying boats to ferry troops and weapons to fighting fronts.

... — Following London lead, British gov't of India this week lifted ban on Communist party of India; will permit resumption of party organs, on pledge of leaders to resist invasion ... Canadian House of Commons is now debating proposal to legalize Communist party, outlawed May 15, 1940.

RUSSIA: To say that Nazis are on threshold of developments that may greatly and gravely prolong war, is to repeat the obvious. But it needs emphasis. We haven't lost the war, but certainly aren't winning it. This is above all time for courage, resolution, calm appraisal.

It will help clarify situation if we realize, as QUOTE has said before, that Axis aims now at cutting all supply lines to Russia. That is true in the south, as in the north; is one of primary reasons for Caucasian thrust. We've been saying for weeks that concentrated attack on northern route is imminent. Any time now. Nazi troops gather in Finland for siege of Murmansk. Allied forces cannot hold the port against powerful assault.

One grave portent of Jap occupation in Aleutians is that it threatens another of the few remaining supply lines to Russia—via Siberia.

EGYPT: Situation seems a bit better, and for that we must credit superior allied airpower. Not only are airmen disrupting long enemy supply lines, but British report renewed sinking of Axis supply ships and transports attempting passage from Crete and Sicily. This is

Quote

prophecies . . .

RUSSIA: Rostov will be evacuated, as it was last Fall, to avoid threat of encirclement. Action may be taken before you read this.

FINLAND: Will continue aid to Nazis, despite U. S., warnings. U. S., will presently be forced to declaration of war against onetime friend.

JAPAN: Will attack Siberia at opportune moment. It will be a "land war," with Navy playing secondary role.

INFLATION: We incline to think President will belatedly use emergency powers to stabilize wages; control farm prices, rather than attempt to wangle legislation thru Congress with elections 90 days near.

significant and heartening. We shall not be surprised to hear that Rommel has retired to Tobruk. This is logical move, if he cannot soon push on to Alexandria and Suez. El Alamein is not suitable for protracted defensive campaign.

It must be remembered that Afrika Korps is essentially a diversion, to occupy British eighth army (now heavily reinforced from Syria, Persia, etc.) Nazis still have great striking power concentrated at Crete, and in Greece. That it will be used at strategic time is certain. As we have suggested before, drive may be upon weakened Syria, into Iraq and Iran (Persia) to join forces now battling for Russian Caucasus.

INDIA: The Indians aren't fooling. It's complete independence now—or else. At meeting, Aug. 7, All-India Congress will promptly approve program drafted by working committee. First step, then, in civil disobedience campaign will be nat'l strike of small business. Sands of time run low for British. Period for temporizing and compromising is about over.

NEW GUINEA: Japs don't make landings for fun. Latest invasion at Gona mission strengthens them defensively; is threat to our advanced base at Port Moresby.

... — May we respectfully suggest that Aleutians have no monopoly on fog?

Harold G. ...

Publisher.

Quote

"He Who Never Quotes, is Never Quoted"—Charles Haddon Spurgeon

"Kogda zhe budet vtoroy?"—Yes, it's Russian, and it translates: "When comes there a second front?" the question on every Russian tongue these days.

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"I'm not very optimistic about getting women back into the home. You can't go 'back' into anything. You've got to offer a new kind of home to meet changing conditions"—DELLA T. LUTES, author of *Country Kitchen*, in a private letter, written a few days before her recent death.

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"You'd steal everything in sight and have the Army broke in no time."—Magistrate HARRY G. ANDREWS, New York, refusing the plea of a pick-pocket for freedom, so that he might enlist in armed forces.

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"It boils down to this—we don't want pants without seats in them."—ROBERT NATHAN, WPB co-ordinator, explaining program of "balanced" production.

" "

"Apparently somebody didn't use the right kind of adding machine."—ANDREW JACKSON HIGGINS, New Orleans shipbuilder, commenting on cancellation of his Gov't contract because of material shortages.

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"There's one beautiful thing about this war so far. It uses up the most useless, godforsaken chunks of territory anywhere on this planet."—Yank, magazine of the AEF.

" "

"I've had plenty of cushions and bottles tossed at me, but I never got hit and I'll tell you why: I just stay still in one spot, fold my arms and never try to dodge anything."—CORNELIUS JACK ("the King") POWELL, veteran baseball umpire.

"May we
Quote
you on that?"

"I can't answer all those silly questions about how much I canned last year. All I know is it's all et up."—71-year-old MYRA RIHERD, of Moberly, Mo., in a letter to her sugar rationing board.

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"The 'sailboat' tax structure of the U. S. is just about as efficient as the Mayflower would be against a Flying Fortress."—MYERS Y. COOPER, president, Nat'l Council of Real Estate Taxpayers.

" "

"We do not support the policy of beating Hitler first. We think Japan should be beaten first. To be sure, there are a great many ways of skinning a cat. If you could beat Hitler this year, that would be a good way. We don't think you can."—Maj.-Gen. CHU SHIH-MING, military attache, Chinese Embassy, Washington.

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"There will be work and sweat, but certainly not tears. We won't be dealing with schoolgirls."—Mrs. ELLA N. PUTMAN, resident counselor for WAAC's, at Des Moines.

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"I'll give them plain old Bible preaching!"—Lieut.-Col. JOHN MAC-WILLIAMS, school chaplain, WAAC, at Des Moines. (Father Urban J. Baer is post chaplain.)

"Look at me, contributing money for the relief of those who took my money and put me on relief!"—Prince YUKA TROUBETZKOY, exile of the Czarist regime, contributing to Russian War Relief.

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"When amateur musicians occupy the air, it means less work for professionals."—JAMES O. PETRILLO, president, American Fed. of Musicians, forcing cancellation of network broadcast of Nat'l Music Camp Symphony Orchestra. (Petrillo sticks to his assertion that, beginning Aug. 1, his members will make no more records for electrical transcription. "If small radio stations and juke-box places can't get records and wont hire bands, that's their funeral, not ours.")

" "

"Scorched earth and arsenic."—The menu suggested by two Chinese cooks at Randolph Field—if they ever get a chance to prepare a meal for Hirohito.

" "

"In war, you cannot afford to be squeamish. Either you kill or capture, or you will be killed or captured."—Maj. W. E. FAIRBANK, trainer of British commandos, now on loan to U. S., in foreword to his book, *Get Tough!*

" "

"When a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war . . . but he shall be free at home one year, and shall cheer up his wife which he hath taken."—Recent bridegroom, quoting Deuteronomy 24:5, as basis for deferment. (He was classified 1-A).

" "

"Nita, stand up straight. Show how proud you are to wear the pretty star."—Remark of a Belgian schoolmistress to a Jewish pupil, quoted disapprovingly by pro-Nazi paper, *Le Pay Reel*.

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AMERICAN—As a Fighter

An American will fight for three things—for a woman, for himself, and for a better world.—From a foreword to the motion picture, *China Girl*.

BORES AND BOREDOM

Once upon a time there were six men who met together after they had been speaking in six places to six audiences. There was an observer present who had heard that one of them was an Abysmal Bore, and he set himself to discover which was the man. They spoke freely of their adventures that evening. Of course all of them displayed more or less of that delight in their own prowess. But there was one man who had done well, of course, but as he put it, "That was easy enough with those half-wits. Really I began to wonder whether it was worthwhile to take the trouble to enlighten their thick skulls. Still one must do one's best." That was the man!—QUINTUS QUIZ, *The Christian Century*.

DEMOCRACY

To achieve unity without uniformity is the whole essence of the democratic way of life.—JAN STREUTHER, *Adult Educational Journal*.

FOOD—Importance

Our civilization is bought with food; our cultural advantages and satisfactions, our industrial achievements as a nation, and now our all-out war effort against treacherous and powerful enemies—all these are purchased with food. The flag is on the plow as well as on the battleship and on the tank.—*Soil Conservation*.

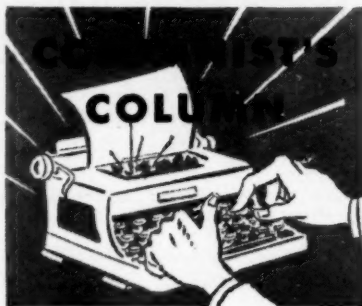
FREEDOM

Freedom is not a thing you can win once and for all. We never owned freedom; we only got a lease on it. A payment came due in '17 and '18; now another one is due. But this time we're going to make such a big payment that it'll be many a year before another one is demanded of us.—Major ALVIN C. ("Sergeant") YORK.

FREEDOM—Restricted

"Thank goodness we live in a free country," a man said the other day, "where a fellow can say what he thinks—if he isn't afraid of his wife, his boss, or the neighbors, and if he is sure it won't hurt his business or reputation."

"And just one other thing," chimed in an editor, "don't say it in print."—ZULA BENNINGTON GREENE, *Capper's Weekly*, 6-20-42.

**Pegler's Day**

By WESTBROOK PEGLER

Yesterday morning I took a train to New York and sat beside a gentleman who was reading the 1937 report of the international recording secretary of the World Home Economics and Children's Aptitude and Recreation Foundation of which my very good friend, Dr. Mary McTaviddle, formerly of Vassar, is the American delegate. This aroused my interest and I ventured to remark that I had once had the pleasure of entertaining a group of young people who were deeply concerned with the neglected problem of the unmarried father. It turned out that the gentleman himself was an unmarried father so we had a very interesting chat until he got off at Metuchen.

In the afternoon a group of young people came in for tea and we had a discussion of the effect of early environment on the efficiency of war workers. I am afraid environment is more important than many of us think and I have asked the Department of Agriculture to make a survey. Of course some people have more than others but then, I am afraid, very often the reverse is true and that is something that one cannot dismiss lightly these days.

Later in the day we took a train up the river where a group of young people were waiting to have a discussion of the psychology of youth in the post-war world. It is very stimulating to observe the eager interest of such young people, some of them no more than 35 in the serious problems of the world.

Returning to the little house, I mounted my bicycle and rode 12 miles up and down the path to save gasoline. I have figured that if I ride 10 or 12 miles up and down the path every day that will be at least 60 miles a week and I shall save about 4 gallons a week.—Condensed from Mr. Pegler's syndicated column.

HAPPINESS—In Desire

That person lives in hell who gets what he desires too soon. Whether he finds his happiness in wealth, power, fame or women, or in a combination of all, that happiness will be meaningless if it robs him of his desire. Heaven is a country through which we are permitted to search eagerly and with hope for what we want.—THOMAS DREIER, *The Vagabond*, 7-42.

Britain at War

You may find some of our restrictions irksome; we find them so ourselves. If our trains are sometimes delayed, if there are few porters in the darkened station, or the coaches are not as clean as they might be, we shrug our shoulders and use a formula which has often saved our temper: "There's a war on" You will hear the phrase until you are sick of it. We are.—From *Welcome*, a book distributed to newly-arrived U. S. servicemen.

ISOLATION—Mental

Some years ago, an Englishman decided to write a biography of Lenin. He knew that at one time the Russian leader had done some research at the British Museum, so he went there to obtain any little facts of interest the librarians might remember. "Yes," answered one staff member, "indeed I do recall him well. He read a great deal on history and economics. Then he disappeared—and I have often wondered what became of him."

LANGUAGE

Few Nazi "visitors" can have received a stranger welcome in Britain than the pilot who bailed out near a lonely farmhouse in snow-covered North Wales.

Brandishing his stick the farmer demanded in Welsh the pilot's surrender. "I do not speak English," replied the German.

The farmer retorted with a glare: "Nor do I speak English, whatever!"—*Bulletins from Britain*, 7-8-42.

NEW ORDER—Benefits

The Tokio radio has been reporting in all languages the birth of quadruplets to a Chinese couple living in Japanese-occupied Manchukuo. Several announcers cited the event as proof of the benefits accruing to the natives under the Nipponese "New Order in Asia."—"Axis on the Air" column, *The Chicago Sun*.

OBEDIENCE—Unquestioned

"When Woodrow Wilson first called me to Washington," relates Bernard Baruch, Chairman, War Industries Board, World War I, "he described the job as he saw it and then said, 'Bernie, we've got to get a conspectus.' I said, 'That's right, Mr. President, we can't do anything until we get a conspectus.'

"I left and, as I was going down the hall, I met Herbert Bayard Swope. 'Herbert,' I said, 'what the devil is a conspectus?' He told me. And we got one."—Condensed from *Business Week*.

The Cost of Defeat

"It will cost a lot of money to win the war; it will cost a lot more to lose it."

We don't have to guess what would happen to our people if Germans and Japs win. They have shown by their treatment of others what we may expect.

They would strip this country of its movable wealth, put the people to work as slaves. Once proud Americans would have to kneel in gutters whenever a Japanese officer passed by, or suffer the consequences of being bound and used for bayonet practice. Colleges and universities would be closed. Our children would be taught to revere Hitler instead of George Washington. Mass executions and concentration camps would take care of those who resisted. Freedom of worship would be counted disrespectful to Hitler and Hirohito; freedom of speech would disappear.

Yes, in this war we are fighting for our very lives!—From an Editorial in *Cleveland Plain-Dealer*.

POINT OF VIEW

A meteor blazes across the sky. "Did you see the shooting star?" a man in the street asks his girl companion. "A soul is passing out," whispers the superstitious, in awe. "Debris of a burned out world," muses the astronomer. "Oh! a little star got lost," exclaims the child.—ANNA DICKERMAN, "Flaming Missiles from Other Worlds," *Travel*, 7-42.

PRAYER—Un-co-operative

Little Judy had disobeyed and was sent tearfully to bed to ponder her sins. The tears did not last long. In less than ten minutes she was talking away at great rate. Her mother, in the next room, caught this much of the conversation:

"Now you see, God, what a lot of

The First Miracle in Lourdes

The Song of Bernadette is a *vow fulfilled*. When France collapsed, FRANZ WERFEL fled from German vengeance and found refuge in the famous city of Lourdes. There, during weeks of desperate anguish and fear, he learned of the miraculous healings of the Grotto and the wondrous history of the girl Bernadette Soubirous. So deeply was he impressed that, though a Jew, he vowed to tell the story of this Catholic shrine, should he escape from France alive. The Song of Bernadette (Viking, \$3) is not fiction, but a novel based on faithful testimony of "friend, foe and cool observer, for its beginnings date back no longer than eighty years." The simple child, whose vision of the Lady of the Grotto rocked civil and ecclesiastical bodies, was sainted just nine years ago, and present at the canonization was a little old bowlegged man, Monsieur Bouhouhorts, the first ever to be healed by the waters of Lourdes. Here is his story:

According to ancient use and wont the neighbor women gathered in the room of the Bouhouhorts to sew the child's shroud against its need. And the need seemed immediate. There the child lay, breathing in quick, small gurgles, only the whites of its eyes showing. The mother pressed her head against the child's bed. If only he would live! Wild fancies beset her mind. One image haunted her: Bernadette dipping her head into the basin of the spring.

Suddenly she leaped to her feet with a wild cry, snatched the child from the big basket that served him as a

cradle, wrapped him in an apron, and rushed forth from the house. Leaping actually like a madwoman, she raced with her burden through the streets and soon brought the whole town to its feet.

Bathed in sweat, she broke down at the rim of the spring's basin with just strength enough left to immerse the child in the water up to its neck. "Accept him or give him back to me, O Virgin," she stammered. She paid no attention to the women who were saying to her: "You're killing the baby. . . . The water is ice-cold." They tried to snatch the child from her. She bared her teeth and hissed. So they let her be, and a stillness as of death ensued. Naught was heard save the agonized rattle in the child's throat. Then that died too.

Suddenly one of the women beside the basin said: "Blessed Virgin, the child is crying out. . . ." It was true. The people looked at one another and were pale. Croisine, having bathed her child for exactly fifteen minutes, wrapped it again in the apron, pressed it to her bosom, and raced off.

The child slept all that day and the night following. Next morning it drank with unknown eagerness two glasses of milk. A few minutes later Croisine went to fetch water. When she came back she saw the child sitting up in its basket for the first time in its life. The child laughed a laugh as of victory. Brief hoarse cries issued from the woman's breast, wails of bliss. The first healing, the first miracle, had happened. In Lourdes.

trouble You got me into. When I went to bed last night I said my prayers and asked You to 'make me a good girl, amen,' and You didn't do it. So it's all Your fault, God, and not mine at all, and it's up to You to fix things up with my mother."—KVP *Philosopher*, magazine of the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Co., 6-42.

RECREATION—Benefits

The story is told of soldiers during the last war coming back from days in the front line trenches, where they were under constant bombardment. Gray, haggard, drooping and dispirited, they sought to drag themselves off to their billets, there to drop exhausted till the next call came. Suddenly a soccer ball was tossed from somewhere. One soldier kicked it. Another kicked it back, a third caught it with his elbow. In five min-

utes the whole company was in it—and within half an hour those men who could hardly plod to their billets were chasing that ball all over the lot. When dinnertime came they were buoyant, cheerful and talkative; that night they slept like babies.—Dr. WALTER FREEMAN, "War Neuroses," *Hygeia*, 7-42.

RETALIATION

We like this story of the rushed-to-death New Yorker who dashed off a card to her mother down in South Carolina explaining that she was much too busy to write but was well and would like to hear about everything in the home town. She got this brief note in the next mail: "If you're too busy to write, you have no time to read. We're just all glad you're well. Mother."—*Rockefeller Center Magazine*.

News of the New

AGRICULTURE: Farmer's dream is a self-seeding, perpetuating hay. Answer may be birdsfoot trefoil, European weed accidentally introduced in a seed shipment 20 yrs. ago. N. Y. State agricultural agents report it rivals alfalfa as feed for livestock. 3-pronged seed looks like miniature bird foot. Thus the name.

" "

ARMY: Russians are reported to have a big, battle-tested tank, weighing more than 40 tons, and virtually fireproof. Longer service; saves many lives in action.

" "

INVENTION: Salvaging of torpedoed ships may be possible with new "floating drydock." Submerged in vicinity of sunken ship, drydock can be refloated by pumping air into hollow walls, compartmented for buoyancy. Two such drydocks, it is said, could raise a ship and haul it to harbor.

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MEDICINE: Two teaspoons of talcum powder between heart muscle and outer sac is apparently permanent cure for angina pectoris (muscular spasm). Simple operation; cure effected within an hour, according to report at meeting of American Medical Ass'n.

" "

RUBBER: America has made so many contributions to synthetic process that product will bear little resemblance to German butadiene, while production methods will be vastly improved and simplified. Just this week, Houdry Process announced "doubling-up" method covering two steps in single unit.

When war is over, we'll have radically new "tubeless" tire. Goodrich has one patented for heavy vehicle use. Special locking mechanism encases air. Blow-outs are possible, but punctures are quickly repaired.

" "

SCIENCE: World scientists fear Nazis may have destroyed platinum-iridium bar, exactly one meter long, in vault at International Bureau of Weights and Measures, in Paris. There, every few years, all civilized nations used to send their own standards of measurements for comparison. Scientists are now at work on a universal "gas inch." If they can obtain enough of peculiar form of mercury necessary, may set up the immutable basis of all measurements on earth for coming generations.

ROYALTY—Fortitude

When Queen Wilhelmina arrived at the British airport from which she was to fly to America, officials notified her that because of rain and low ceiling, the trip might be delayed. "Nonsense. We'll leave now," her majesty declared. She was told it would be difficult flying in such weather. "If that's the way you feel" said the Queen, "I'll get one of my Dutch flyers. They fly in any weather." The plane went up. The voyage was a rough one. All were sick thruout the trip—except the venerable Queen. Ten minutes after landing, Wilhelmina busted herself reviewing a regiment of troops.—LEONARD LYONS, in his syndicated column.

SACRIFICE

"Sacrifices" are a drug on the market today. We have been hearing altogether too much about our individual and collective sacrifices—our tires, pay increases, taxes, clothes, pleasures, opportunities to make money, and time. These things we are called upon to give up are not sacrifices at all. They are simply little pieces of peacetime selfishness which are scaling off.—CHARLES E. WILSON, President, Gen'l. Elec. Co.

SACRIFICE—In War

It became necessary at a quite strategic sector of the Panama Canal Zone to chop down a number of palm trees. The lads were doing so, when the wife of a civilian employed on the Canal objected. "I've been watching those trees grow," said she, "for twenty-six years and I won't have them cut down now." The corporal commanding the detail replied: "Madam, I watched my brother grow for eighteen years. He is still in Bataan."—*Colliers*, 7-18-42.

SALESMANSHIP

In the Confucius style: Salesman who cover seat of office chair, instead of territory, stay on bottom.—RICHARD C. BORDEN of The Borden Company.

SCIENCE—Electric Power

We often talk of watts, kilowatts, and horse-power, without really having any clear idea of what they are. The strength of a small kitten is one watt and that of a man is 150 watts. A bee, steadily winging its way across a garden, would have to get the help of nearly a million of his fellows to equal the pulling power of one man.—Dr. N. C. BEESE, Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co.



Big nat'l ass'ns that have cancelled conventions are wondering how to choose successors, perform other democratic functions, for which by-laws haven't provided. . . Snuff Dippers Convention has cancelled its annual Homecoming at Rosboro, Ark.

Those war-stamp corsages you've been seeing are made without profit by artificial flower industry, and sold without profit by retailers. . . Those photos of Leon Henderson & cigar are paying off. Price Administrator receives so many smokes from admirers, he keeps friends and associates supplied.

Industries trying to promote slacks as work costume, for safety, are having trouble. It's okay by slim sisters, but the heftier gals say unh ugh. . . Army has now adopted 24-hour-clock system for all social messages, dispatches, orders and reports. Time is expressed in group of 4 digits. First two figures indicate hours after midnight; remaining figures, the minutes. Example: 6:25 a. m. would be 0625; 12 noon, 1200; 2 p. m., 1400.

Army needs chaplains, has reduced requirements to 2 yrs. experience. Age range: 24 to 50. Churches are being cramped by Army calls. Some denominations consider restoring to active service pastors retired by age limit. Another plan is to have pastor serve two churches, one in morning, another in evening.

With practically all strip characters from Joe Palooka to Orphan Annie now in armed services or war work, Al Capp, creator of "Li'l Abner" announced last week that the young hi'll-billy is going to stay out of the fight; thinks Abner can do his part best by "helping us to remember that a free world once did exist—and will again."

In West Jefferson, N. C., arrest for drunkenness costs \$5 on weekdays; \$25 on Sunday. . . Herb Caen, of San Francisco, reports this patriotic note: The "powder room" for officers in Inter-America House has a red floor, white walls, and blue

SIN

Sin and dandelions are a whole lot alike—they're a lifetime fight that you never quite win.—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, quoted in *Better Homes & Gardens*, 6-'42.

UNEMPLOYMENT—Results

Prostitution is almost entirely the result of unemployment. Women, except in a very few communities, are not brought up to prostitution as a profession. Get the story of a thousand girls in the ports of Europe, South America and the United States and you'll find that nearly all of them got into the racket because they couldn't earn a living any other way. Here in Russia I've found that there is no unemployment. Every man and woman in Russia who wants to work can find work. As far as I know, there are no stringent laws against prostitution; there are no penalties for it, and yet it's virtually non-existent. The reason is that women are given jobs.—QUENTIN REYNOLDS, quoting Commander Irvin L. Norman, in *Only the Stars Are Neutral*, (Random, \$2.50).

VOCATION—Army

The cavalry arm is not only hard pushed to get horses but it is having man trouble.

"You show a horse to a cowpuncher," said a Colonel, "and he will say:

"Take it away. I should wear bunnions on me riding a horse when I have been doing it all my life?

"So the cowpuncher goes into the Air Force."—*Nation's Business*, 7-'42.

WAR—U. S. Contribution

In the last war, until the Armistice, we had no American-made field guns; only one or two squads of observation planes; no fighters or bombers, not a single American tank, and no American shells in the field. Then at the last minute, a colonel loaded 20 shells from America in a tin lizzie and drove hell-bent-for-election to the front so one American shell could be fired before the war was over. He arrived 20 minutes too late.—S. L. A. MARSHALL, speaking before Detroit Society of Automotive Engineers.

WAR SERVICE—Older Men

If fathers could only pour their hate thru the hot barrels of smoking guns, and write the records of their grief with bayonet steel!

They said I was too old to fight . . . Maybe I am too stiff and slow to fly, but I've got control enough to keep my car speed under 40, so they can

Writer's Camp

By ARIEL MCNINCH

At a desk out in the middle wing of one of the Temporary Buildings, knocked together for defense workers. Hundreds of others sit at hundreds of other desks, scattered the length of this wing.

It's hot. It's dirty. It's noisy! Hot as a pasteboard box lying out in a field on a July day. Dirty because the dry red mud outside blows in the windows continuously, relentlessly, laying a gritty blanket over everything. Noisy because there is a phone on every desk, ringing incessantly. Because there are 100 typewriters in use all the time. Because there are 200 people talking endlessly, either on the phones or to each other or to themselves (you get that way after a while). All available crannies are jammed with clothes racks, file cabinets, bookcases, supply boxes and fire fighting equipment. Nobody seems to mind. This is the Government at work.

Over to my left there is a man who does feature articles. Nobody seems to know on what subject. He sits hunched over a typewriter placed on the desk in front of him and pounds away with two fingers, composing as he goes. He smokes endlessly, furiously. I have never seen but one side of him. He never turns this way. I think he lives under his desk.

In front of me is another man who writes. His mysterious actions fascinate me. He has copies of Sears & Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogues spread over his desk. He leafs deliberately through these, pausing now and then to study a picture of a hayfork or a set of bedsprings. He then consults something which appears to be an intricate photostatic copy of the blueprints for an underground railway system. Then he writes rapidly for several minutes on a large yellow pad with a lead pencil. Then he falls to reading his catalogues

again. This goes on all day. No one seems to know where he came from, either.

Behind him is a third writer. A friendly sort of fellow. He is young and good looking and a demon for work.

He can't spell worth a shuck. He asks me about various words, and if I don't know we guess at them. He talks in a slow, soft drawl and worries a lot about things. When he can't get a grip on an idea he takes a walk around the block and comes back to try again. I'm afraid that some day he will go out and just never come back.

On my right sits a delightful gentleman with a sense of humor. He is middle-aged, portly, gray-haired and has twinkling amber eyes. He wears dark suits and bright ties, and always has a smile.

He has been here a week. So far he isn't sure what he is supposed to do. He spends the mornings reading advertisements for available places to live. These he follows up in the afternoon with telephone calls and long automobile trips. Invariably he fails to locate satisfactory lodgings, and this very conveniently gives him something concrete to work on the following morning. Once or twice he has come close to finding ideal quarters, and was terrified lest he be settled at last. Because then there would be nothing for him to do in the mornings! He isn't particularly concerned about the afternoons. The only afternoon he was here he spent mopping his brow and drinking water and going quietly mad with the heat. He knows he can always count on that for the afternoons. It's the mornings that frighten him!

In the center of all this is my desk. I write too. Nobody seems to know what about. I don't even know myself. Maybe some day I'll meet some one who can tell me.—Condensed from *The Washington Post*.

keep their fighting planes above 400!

And if I can't march 30 miles a day with a full pack, I can walk two miles to work and back, to help save gas and rubber!

. . . Somebody's got to do the necessary, undramatic things, and I guess that's what older men are for.—From "The Empty Room" an advertisement of United States Rubber Co.

GENS FROM Yesteryear

What We Laughed at
One War Ago

We might illustrate this contribution with a couple of well-worn clichés: "The more things change the more they remain the same" and/or "All things move in cycles"—including war and humor.

The magazine, *Good Housekeeping* began, some time ago, gathering choice bits of humor, current in World War I. Here are a few excerpts which might well be current today. The situation has altered surprisingly little. This is where we came in!

Two English workmen were discussing the war.

"It'll be an awful job, Sam," said one.

"It will?" replied the other.

"You see, the Germans are taking thousands and thousands of Russian prisoners and the Russians are taking thousands and thousands of German prisoners. If it keeps on, all the Russians will be in Germany and all the Germans will be in Russia. And then they'll start all over again, fightin' to get back to their 'omes!"—*Tit-Bits*.

" "

A display of flags is not enough. We must win by hitting, not by bunting.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

" "

An American Negro soldier and a German soldier were face to face. It was one or the other. The Negro reverted to his trusty razor. He swiped out at the throat of the German with a mighty heave. The German said, "Missed me." But the Negro told him, "Jes' you try to move you' haid."

" "

Beyond the Alps sighs Italy.—*New York Sun*.

" "

We can say one thing about the Germans: They made us believe things we didn't believe we could believe.

" "

One thing—in the theater of war you don't have to get up to let a fat couple find their seats after the show has started.—*Florida Times-Union*.

Good Stories YOU CAN USE...

The Axis leaders were playing contract bridge in Hitler's mountain retreat.

"Three diamonds," said Herr Goering.

"No bid," said Goebbels.

"Five diamonds," said Von Ribbentrop.

"One club," said Schickelgruber.

"Pass."

"Pass."

"Pass."

"I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE"

EMORY S. LAND

Chairman, U. S. Maritime Commission

A lady writer, caught abroad when the war started, was glad enough to obtain accommodations on an American ship. But once on board she began to complain loudly of the inconveniences and the poor service. It also upset her that the Navy was not convoying the ship. When her complaints reached my ears, I said to the disgruntled lady:

"The next time you are caught abroad and want to get home with a minimum of inconvenience, my advice is to paint the stars and stripes on that part of your anatomy which is most prominent—and swim home!"

"And now" said the Sunday School teacher brightly, "can any of you children tell me where God lives?"

"I think" said 5-year-old Barbara reflectively "that he lives in our bathroom."

"Why, Barbara, what in the world ever gave you that idea?"

"Well, almost every morning daddy goes to the bathroom door and says real loud, 'God, are you still in there?'"

" "

The drill sergeant was putting a squad of draftees through their first paces. Finally, exasperated at their uneven lines, he roared, "Whatsamatter! Don't you know how to line up? All fall out and look at the line you made."—*Pathfinder*.

"You say you've never had any experience selling in our industry?"

"That's right."

"What selling experience have you had?"

"None."

"Have you ever studied advertising or salesmanship?"

"No, sir."

"Then why did you come in here and ask for a salesman's job?"

"I've got a brand new set of tires."

"Why didn't you say so in the first place? When do you want to start? How would West Texas suit you?"—*Log Book*.

WISECRACKS of the Week

Suggested alternate title for Kiplinger's *Washington* is *Like That*—"Down by the Old Malestrom." BENNETT CERF.

" "

Since the formation of the WAAC, a lot of husbands, we suppose, are singing: "I didn't raise my hon to be a soldier."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

" "

The older you become, the more a good time costs you, the less you enjoy it, and the longer it takes you to get over it.—OLIN MILLER.

" "

Substitutes are so prevalent in Germany that the wool Hitler pulls over his people's eyes is cotton.

" "

Bachelor—a man who wouldn't take "Yes" for an answer.—RED SKELTON.

The club bore was boasting of his family's patriotism.

"I'm joining the R.A.F. next week," he stated. "My father fought in the last war, and my grandfather fought in the Boer War. My great-grandfather, I've been told, fought in the Zulu War. . ."

"Really?" drawled a thoroughly bored listener. "On which side?"—*The Tatler*.

